

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXVI, No. 9

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

May 2005

KIMMIE MEISSNER TAKES ON MOSCOW

by Claire Eckels

"America's Next Ice Princess?" headlines the magazine article on Kimmie Meissner in *Spotlight Skating*. The University of Delaware's *Messenger* names her "Hottest Young Competitor on the Ice." We Broadmeaders know all that. What we don't know is how Kimmie could be in Moscow when her age (fifteen) made her ineligible to skate. The truth related by Dr. Paul Meissner to me is this: ESPN felt Kimmie "deserved to be in Moscow" after her great third place finish in the U.S. Nationals. She would have qualified for the Worlds under ordinary circumstances, but the minimum age is sixteen.

ESPN invited Kimmie to be a commentator at the World Skating Championship in Moscow from March 14 to 20. Her reports were expected to reflect the viewpoint of a teenage skater, possibly attracting a younger audience. In the ESPN booth she worked with Paul Wylie and Peggy Fleming doing interviews rinkside. She did an amazing job, apparently without nervousness. One subject could have been delicate to handle - she had to comment on Michelle Kwan's and Sasha Cohen's programs, and they are Kimmie's competitors. She came through the test very well.

Kimmie was also involved in relating skating stories for a new show, aired on Easter Sunday, called *Access*. She enjoyed and discussed off-ice functions held in Gorky Park, the Kremlin, Red Square, and restaurants throughout Moscow.

Dr. Meissner and Kimmie stayed at the 5-star Kempinski Hotel across the river from Red Square and the Kremlin. GUM, the huge department store/mall on one side of the square, was a favorite place for the teenager. Kimmie called it fun to shop Russian. (Excuse the personal note,

but I found GUM to be a nightmare. I was sent to stand in a line during each phase of the buying transaction, - six times in all for one article. Only waiting in line to see Lenin in his tomb took longer. - C.W.E.)

Gorky Park (Moscow's Disneyland) proved to be perfect for Kimmie. In the winter all the cement is covered by ice,

and people rent skates to move throughout the enormous amusement park. Dr. Meissner's favorite place was Red Square and specifically the Cathedral of St. Basil, a totally unique architectural design composed of small chapels with fantastic domes. He commented on the invasion of the



KIMMIE IN MOSCOW

West - Coke and Pepsi billboards and McDonald's. Communication was no problem since the middle-aged and younger spoke English. He was pleasantly surprised.

When Dr. Meissner was asked to sum up his reaction to the week, he said, "As cold as Moscow was, the people we met were so incredibly warm, from the American sports network folks to the Russian contact people (our drivers and interpreters and so on) to the average Russian we met on the street. Kimmie and I will have lifelong great memories of the people and places of Moscow."

Kimmie remembered her week in this way: "I think my experience in Moscow with my Dad was fantastic. We saw everything together, and we were treated so well by the ESPN and the ABC sports crews. I'll never forget it."

We will be looking forward to seeing Kimmie in the fall, but especially in St. Louis on January 7 to 15. It is then that the 2006 Figure Skating Championships will determine our Olympic team. Meanwhile, enjoy your summer, Kimmie, and thanks for the pleasure you give us.



PROUD DAD

VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXVI, No. 9

May 2005

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President: *Bill Mottley*

Managing Editor: *Fran Beasley*
Contributing Editor: *Colin MacLachlan*
Editorial Staff: *Pete Hoffman, Dick Hutzler,*
Jeanette Royston
Proof Readers: *Harry Scott, Marjorie Rhoades,*
Jean McGregor
Circulation: *Harriet Duncan, Fran Peterson,*
Rena Madansky
Consultant: *Bob Davies*
Arcade Press Liaison: *Harry Scott*

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Spring 2005

Spring - life burgeons from the ground.
Sap runs again - nourishing.
Trees rejoicing, produce leaves,
Veiling themselves with green delicacy.
Birds sing, violets appear in the grass,
Life becomes newborn.
Appreciation births creativity.
Welcome new hope, new strengths,
new visions,
New love for life!

Carolyn Underwood
April 13, 2005

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson went on a camping trip. After a good meal and a bottle of wine, they lay down for the night and went to sleep. Some hours later, Holmes awoke and nudged his faithful friend. "Watson, look up and tell me what you see."

Watson replied, "I see millions and millions of stars."

"And what does that tell you?" Holmes asked.

Watson pondered for a minute. "Astronomically, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, I observe that Saturn is in Leo. Horologically, I deduce that the time is about a quarter past three. Theologically, I can see that God is all powerful and that we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically I suspect that we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. Why? What does it tell you?"

Holmes was silent for a minute, then spoke: "Someone has stolen our tent."

Melanie Hunter, Bloomington, Ind

Do not stand at my grave and weep:

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glint on snow,

I am the sunlight on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight,

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry:

I am not there, I did not die.

-- Author unknown

Found by Nancy Rowe on March 29, 1988, stapled in a Ziploc bag on the lawn north of the entrance to Broadmead near Bluebird box #3.

IN MEMORIAM

W. Berkeley Mann

February 12, 1918

March 13, 2005

Jean C. Brackett

April 10, 1919

March 17, 2005

Jean K. Marsh

August 5, 1921

March 19, 2005



LIZ JACKSON AND ART 101

By Fran Beasley

Go down the main staircase or take the elevator to the lower level and view the art exhibit on the walls near the Beauty Shop, the interesting works displayed were done mostly by fledgling artists in Liz Jackson's Friday morning class. She calls it Art 101. The majority of the exhibitors vowed that they "couldn't draw a straight line" when the program began some months ago. Liz vowed that they could, and there on the walls are the results.

Liz, a dedicated and highly talented art teacher moved to Broadmead in 2003.



She lost no time in volunteering

to develop a new art program for the residents, which she says is a basic course. It includes the fundamentals of art and design. One of Broadmead's former professional artists describes it as very similar to the one she had in college.

Liz exposes students to a variety of media. They draw in pencil and charcoal, sculpt in plaster, print with linoleum blocks, paint in acrylics and watercolor, use pastels and mixed and experiment in bas relief using mixed media.

About twelve students work year round. They are getting ready to create their own works... to come to the studio with ideas, materials and processes. Future programs will focus on advanced drawing and painting techniques. They will also learn to mat and frame.

Liz Jackson grew up in the Pittsburgh area. She attended Towson University where she majored in art education and received a masters degree in 1975. She and Les Jackson were married in 1945. Les died in 2001. There are two children, Jay, now a physician in York, PA and Jann, Executive Director of Advocate for Children. There are three grandchildren and one great grandson.

Liz taught art in the Baltimore public schools and The College of Notre Dame. She supervised all education majors and student teachers in four counties in Maryland. She gives entire credit for the success of Art 101 to the students, naming their hard work, great dedication and enthusiasm; these attributes are certainly hers also!



STUDIO ART WITH BETSY HERRMANN

By Fran Beasley

A reorganized activity, which meets 1 to 3 on Thursdays is quite a different group from Art 101. The artists have varying degrees of background in art and work at their own interests, media and pace; some in pastel, some in acrylics, watercolors or oils. Another professional artist works in watercolors and sculpts

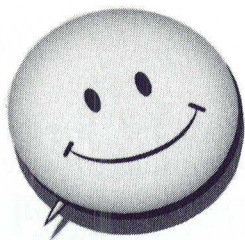
Betsy Herrmann, who has a strong background in the arts, is at each session to critique work on an individual basis.

Betsy grew up in Ruxton, MD. She graduated from Bennett College in Mass., attended Tyler School of Art in Philadelphia, the Maryland Institute of Art and graduated from and taught at Mt. Vernon College in Washington, D.C. She owned an art consulting business in Baltimore and Washington. She worked as a medical illustrator at Johns Hopkins and was a founding board member of Maryland Art Place.

Betsy is married to Wes Herrmann, son of Bob Herrmann. Some may remember her mother, Gladys Jones, who was a resident of Broadmead. Betsy and Wes have two daughters, Charlotte, who is in college and Elise, to be a high school senior.

Now in addition to coming to Broadmead weekly she helps run a small farm with an abundance of animals. She also paints in oils on commission and does illustrations.

The studio group welcomes new members. Come down on Thursday afternoon and see!



BROADMEAD WELCOMES

By Betsy Griffin

Bobbie Kottler

B-14 410-527-1243 March 2005

Bobbie is a native of York, PA. but moved with her family to western Maryland as a young child. She earned a Bachelor's degree in Education at Shepherd College in West Virginia and after several years of teaching, a Master's at the University of Wisconsin. She returned to Maryland and began a 32-year career in the Baltimore County Schools at Carroll Manor and Ridgely Middle Schools. Bobbie enjoys nature, birds, and the outdoors and spent 45 summers working with crafts for the YMCA Camp at Silver Bay on Lake George in NY. Her hobbies and talents include making stained glass objects and weaving baskets.

Barbara(Badgett) Younger (Mrs.Edward)

S-202 410-771-6420 March 2005

Barbara was born in Texas and began her education in teaching at Oklahoma City College and West Texas Teachers College. She taught briefly on a large ranch in Texas before entering Oklahoma A&M College where she met and married her boss. The young couple moved to Washington, DC where he earned a master's degree in history at George Washington University while she was employed as the secretary to the three DC Commissioners. Her husband was awarded several fellowships which enabled them to travel extensively. He also taught at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. Barbara has one daughter who lives in Bel Air and is the mother of her only grandson who is an accomplished bagpipe player and attends Friends School in Baltimore.

After WWII the Youngers moved to Charlottesville, VA where her late husband became the Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Virginia and the Chairman of the History Department and from where she came to Broadmead to be near her family.

Francie (McLean) Proutt

B-5 410-771-1106 March 2005

Francie is a Baltimorean who attended Roland Park Country School and Garrison Forest. She married early and raised a family of 2 girls and 2 boys. For 20 years she owned and operated a catering business called Flaire and for many years following that venture she has been employed by the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer in various capacities. She is currently serving for four days each week as the Facilities Coordinator and Wedding and Funeral Hostess at this same church. Her 4 children are all living nearby and her 10 grandchildren are a large part of her life. She spends a month each summer at Rehoboth Beach and lists her favorite hobby as travel, which she has done extensively.

BOSE WOES

By Lucille Brandt

I have a radio called a Bose
It is the source of several woes.
I would not wish it on my foes.
If it continues, out it goes.

It wakes me with a false alarm
That cannot be the way to charm
I struggle hard to keep quite calm
What have I done to cause such harm?

T'was given by my children three,
Who only wish the best for me.
But now this has me up a tree,
Perhaps for all eternity.

Soon to the rescue daughter comes,
And thankfully she's not all thumbs.
She fiddles with the dials and hums,
And thus the problem overcomes.

Now we are friends, the Bose and I
Since it no longer makes me cry.
And I will praise it to the sky,
As peacefully in bed I lie.

Re:Joyce

by Eli Freedman

Call me Simon. One day last month having nothing particular to interest me at home, I thought I would walk about a little and see the watery edge of my city, this great city of Dublin. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, then I account it high time to get to perambulating as soon as I can.

So I was awalkin' around Dublin on a sunny day, the 17th day of the sixth month in this year of the Lord nineteen hundred and four. If only I had known how famous the previous day would some day be, when it would receive the soubriquet of Bloomsday, possibly the most famous day in all of British literature, I would have gone a day earlier. But such is life.

It's a thirsty business, this walking in the sun near mid-summer, so now I be sitting in Barney Kiernan's pub north of the Liffey, drinking that nectar of the old Erse gods, Guinness stout, when whom do I spy through the fug of the smoke but my old friend Jamie, that great friend of my son Stephen.

"Jamie!" I cried, and quick as a wink, there I am sitting across from him, me holding a new pint of Guinness and him still nursing a glass of that Swiss wine he favors. "Jamie, me boy, how good it is to see you."

Jamie looked at me and said, "Simon, old simple Simon! Tell me, Simon, have you met the pie man yet? Or mayhap *you* are the pie man, the one who works in a print shop?"

"A pie man in a print shop?" I answered. "Nooo, that'd be a devil."

"The devil you say! Well now, let's drink to the devil."

"But Jamie," I said after a good long swallow, "what on earth has happened to you? Your face looks like it's been through a meat grinder."

"Bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronnntonerronnntonuonnthunntrovarrho-unawnskawntoohoochoordenenthurnuk," he replied.

"Oh, I get it - you had a big fall. But why such a long word? My God, Jamie, with a word like that you could be describing Man's first fall in the Garden. And speaking of falls, d'ye recall the old music hall ditty about the hod carrier, Finnegan, who had such a terrible hangover that he fell off the scaffold at work the next day and broke his skull? So of course they had to have a wake, in the middle of which a great fight broke out, and a glass of whis-

key was splashed over poor Finnegan, which woke him up. Y'know, Jamie, there's the beginning of a fine novel there if one was to write it; *Finnegans Wake* might be a good title. And don't you forget, Jamie me boy - if you right it, be sure to leave out the apostrophe. No apostrophe in 'Finnegans,' ye hear me, Jamie! Let those long hairs in their ivory towers, the ones who criticize but can't write worth a damn, let them ponder where the apostrophe went."

"Ah, yes, the apostrophe catastrophe," he commented.

"And are ye any closer to being married, Jamie, me boy? It's important, you know. If we can't beat the bloody English on the battlefield, at least we can out do them in the bed room."

"Ahhh!" was all he said, but after a long pause, he added, "I met a fine girl, name of Nora, yesterday. She clings to me like a barnacle. Yes, Nora, Nora, quite a whorra, keine ahorra!"

"Keine ahorra now, is it, Jamie! That's 'no evil eye' in Yiddish. So in addition to the 50 languages you already know, ye've added Yiddish. Where did ye acquire that from, your friend Leopold Bloom? Say, I hope not from his wife, Molly."

"Hey, now, Molly, o by golly, 'twould be folly, and me on the hunt, lookin' for a bit of ..."

"Better stop there, Jamie - stick with Nora. Marry the gal and raise lots of kids. Say, Jamie, have you thought about writing a story for your children?"

Jamie looked at me for a moment, then picked up a paper napkin and wrote without stopping, "Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down. along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo. I could go on and on," says Jamie, "but you get the idea."

"Yes, yes, indeed I do, Jamie me boy. You know, that writing is thirsty work, now isn't it? Oh landlord! Another round here!" And Jamie chimed in, "You got the right idea, Simon, another quark for Mr. Mark here."

"Say, Jamie, I hear tell you'll soon be on the road to Switzerland for a while."

"Hm, hm," he answered, suddenly absorbed in his newspaper.

"Jamie, me boy, now when you get to Switzerland, I hope you'll rent a fine chalet, one with a large balcony that has a sweeping view of the Alps. But first do lots and lots of writing. Write all day, every day. OK? And at the end of the day, when the sun is setting, and its orange and red beams are just painting the tips of those mountains thrusting up like young maidens, and the sky still so blue it makes you cry, go out on your balcony to survey God's creation, and while standing there, shout at the top of your voice, 'Let us REJOICE!'"

THE END

The Death Penalty: Imperiling our Safety!

Report by John Michener

Michael Millemann, Professor of Public Interest Law at the University of Maryland Law School, spoke April 8th to the Open Forum on the death penalty's impact on public safety. He brought to his presentation a breadth of experience ranging from public prosecutor and service as the Chief General Counsel in the Maryland Attorney General's Office to defense counsel in death penalty cases. He made a compelling case that the death penalty imperils public safety regardless of whether that penalty is moral or deters some murders.

His argument was straightforward. Today, particularly in the inner cities, existing social and family structures are no longer effectively guiding troubled youths away from socially unacceptable behaviors. Indeed, the converse is often true. When a troubled youngster commits his first offense, the inadequacy of funding and staffing of juvenile services and juvenile courts results in his immediate release to his home without any adverse consequences as far as the juvenile can see. This pattern is repeated and repeated, each time the offense growing more severe and the lesson becoming clearer and clearer that crime carries no consequences or penalties.

The situation changes dramatically when he eventually commits a serious crime, particularly one involving the murder of a white by a black. Suddenly society commits its full resources to bringing the perpetrator to justice - costly investigations, providing prosecutors, defense counsel, judges, and the whole rest of the appurtenances. This is particularly true in cases with a possible death penalty, where there is every reason for the defense to litigate all possible aspects of the case and to take advantage of every avenue of appeal.

The total cost to taxpayers to handle the typical death penalty case runs far, far beyond the cost of a case where the maximum penalty is life without possibility of parole. The cost of imposing a death penalty is many times the cost of lifetime imprisonment.

To restore public safety to an acceptable level we must reduce crime. The most effective way to do that is to deal with the initial petty of-

fenses promptly with a requirement for an apology, restitution, community service, or whatever is appropriate being imposed within a period of about two weeks. Any subsequent offense must also be dealt with quickly and with escalating penalties. All of this will require a massive infusion of funding.

Abolishing the death penalty would make a large part of that funding available with a resulting major improvement in public safety.

CANDY

By Bob Herrmann

It was late January, about 3:30 in the evening and snowing very hard - about six inches. I had parked my electric cart in front of one of the apartments in C cluster so I could deliver some mail during the absence of the owner. Upon returning I walked around the cart in order to get aboard, but, since it was dark, and because I can't see well I accidentally walked off the path and through deep snow that covered a rock garden.

I apparently slipped on a large boulder with a sloping face and couldn't get up because of the rocks. I struggled and tried time and again to maneuver myself so that I could get a footing, but to no avail. I was dressed warmly with a heavy jacket, scarf and cap, but was exhausted and got drowsy, and I apparently dozed off.

About 30 minutes later I heard a whimpering and felt a little dog sniffing my nose. Once, again, I tried to get up, but couldn't move. Then I heard a voice "Candy, who is that?" Then, "Is that Bob Herrmann?" Then "Woof", which in dog talk, means "yes" I recognized Barbara Koppelman's voice as she said, "Bob, what are you doing here? Are you hurt? Are you alright?" I replied, "I'm OK; but I can't get up". Ed Marsh came by and tried to get me up, but I was too heavy. Then Barbara went up to the Center to get help, and Ed went over to his apartment to get me a blanket until help arrived. The maintenance man from the Center finally arrived and was able to help me up without any trouble. I was physically ok and got aboard my cart.

Thanks to Candy, a very small Jack Russell, I did not have to spend the entire night in the snow where I would have frozen. She may very well have saved my life!

TALES FROM OUR FAMILY CHRONICLE

Emigration, May 10, 1940

by Harry Blumenthal

Our family left Germany to emigrate to the United States in May 1940 during World War II. We barely escaped the holocaust that destroyed my hometown's small Jewish community in 1942. On May 10, 1940 the German army started the great offensive that ended the so-called "phony war" and led to the surrender of France six weeks later. I distinctly remember the drone of the panzer divisions hurtling along the nearby Autobahn toward the French and Belgian borders 100 miles away. In 1945 the American 6th Army invaded Germany along this Autobahn after crossing the Rhine at Remagen, 75 miles away.

My hometown, Bad Camberg, had a population of about 3000 in 1940. It is called "Bad" ("Spa") because it is a "Kneip" health resort, thus named for a German priest, Sebastian Kneip, (1821-1897) who developed a system of water therapy that is claimed to cure most diseases. Bad Camberg is located in the Taunus Mountains, rich in ancient legends. Frankfurt am Main, the nearest large city, is thirty miles away.

The nearby villages of Nieder and Ober Selters, with their slightly carbonated mineral-water springs - common in this part of Germany - are the original sources of "seltzer water". Bad Camberg has a 700-year history - "Old Europe" - but there are much older "Old Europe" towns, going back 2000+ years.

In 1981 the town issued its "700 Year Anniversary Book" listing some noteworthy events in its long history:

The witch trials, 1630-1660, held in the great tower that once formed part of the town's wall and is still standing near the market. The hapless accused who could not withstand the torture applied and confessed were hung on the gallows standing above the town wall.

In 1815 the Prussian army under Field Marshall Bluecher stopped here on its way to the battle of Waterloo.

In 1945 at the end of World War II the town was almost destroyed as a few fanatic SS soldiers in the town center tried to stop the mighty American 6th Army advancing along the Autobahn. An English-speaking priest was able to arrange a truce, and Bad Camberg surrendered, as a white flag was hung from the church steeple on March 31, 1945.

One chapter of the book deals with the small Jewish community once in the town, numbering 70 at most. It dates back to 1822, even though Jews have lived in Germany for over 2000 years - many of them in the cities of the nearby Rhine valley that were founded by the Roman legions who had reached there after conquering Gaul. On July 20, 1942, after the Jewish community had shrunk to 35, all were arrested and sent to concentration camps. They were never heard from again.

Our family left Germany on the afternoon of May 10, 1940, taking the "Italy Express" train from Frankfurt to the Italian port of Genoa. It was a scenic trip through the Austrian and Italian Alps. In the evening we reached the Italian border at the Brenner Pass, the ancient gateway between Rome and central Europe. After a brief passport check we swiftly descended into the plains of northern Italy. In Genoa a few days later we boarded the S.S. United States for our passage to New York City.

Our family had lost most of its possessions, but we escaped the Holocaust.

A Look Back in Time...

From the Voice of May, 1980

"Here is good news for all those who must travel on York Road," the lead story on page one announced, adding "and who does not?" In an address to the residents, Third District Councilman James Smith disclosed that the county planned to repave the road from Shewan north as far as the community of Sparks.

"Have you, too, admired the frequent and lovely floral decorations on the reception desk, in the hallways and in the Lounge?" another page-one piece asked. The story went on to say "a warm thank you to those who created them: Helen Bodine, Juanita Hawkins, Evelyn McLanahan, Margaret Nelson, Pearl Podlich and Agnes Levy."

Activities Director Mary Stuart announced on page 5 that a trip was planned for July 2 to see the Agatha Christie play "Murder at the Vicarage," starring Jean Stapleton. The story on page 5 also noted that Charlotte Singewald had agreed to serve as "special trips coordinator."

Every organization is composed of four bones, an item on page 7 noted: "The wishbones, who spend all their time wishing someone else would do the work, the jawbones, who do all the talking but very little else, the knucklebones, who knock everything that anybody else tries to do, and the backbones, who get under the load and do the work."

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

**1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 am
EPISCOPAL COMMUNION**

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd floor
Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal
Church - York Road, Cockeysville
*

**2nd Wednesday Every Month at 10:00 am
CATHOLIC MASS**

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd Floor
Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley
*

**3rd Wednesday Every Month at 10:30 am
PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION**

Stony Run Activities Room – 3rd Floor
Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church,
Ashland Avenue, Cockeysville

BIBLE STUDY

**Tuesday, May 10th at 10:30 am
Fireplace Room**

**Led by
The Reverend Beverly Braine
Rector, Immanuel Episcopal Church**

ALL WELCOME

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

**The Reverend Edward Richardson
Govans Presbyterian Church**

**Sunday, May, 15th 4:30-5:00 pm
in the Lounge**

*

All are Welcome

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday, May, 12th at 7:00 pm

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

*

Sunday, May, 22nd at 2:00 pm

CANTICLE SINGERS

A women's group of 22 singers
with their Spring program.

Always a delight to have them perform for us.

*

Sunday May, 29th at 2:00 pm

FRED MOYER

Pianist.

Always a great treat to have him with us again.

*

In the Auditorium

OPERA VIDEO

Friday, May 20th in the auditorium, 7 pm

By Harry Blumenthal

"La Fanciula del West"

By Giacomo Puccini

Opera in Three Acts

(The Girl of the Golden West)

Teatro Opera Alla Scala Milano

Starring Placido Domingo, Mara Zampieri,

Juan Pons

Puccini's Wild West Opera, based on the
Belasco play "The Girl of the Golden West,"
has some of Puccini's finest music.

LET'S DANCE

By Walter Lane

With the

George Hipp Trio

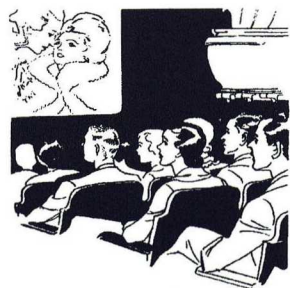
Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music.

Monday

May 9th at 7:00 pm

In the Lounge





BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Gretel & Leo Weiss

May 3rd **MOTORCYCLE DIARIES**
2003 4 ½ Stars 125 minutes R
Haunting road trip (via motorcycle) in the
50's by a Doctor and a Biochemist in their 20's.

May 10th **PLANES TRAINS AND
AUTOMOBILES**
1987 4 Stars 100 minutes R
With Steve Martin and John Candy on a
supposed flight to Chicago but with a surprising
destination.

May 17th **BEING JULIA**
2004 4 Stars 105 minutes R
A superb performance by Annette Benning
as a star of the prewar London stage uneasily slipping
into middle age.

May 24th **DINER**
1982 4 Stars 110 minutes R
A much-acclaimed bittersweet tale of
growing up in the late 50's in Baltimore. Directed
by Barry Levinson.

May 31st **VERA DRAKE**
2004 4 ½ Stars 125 minutes R
A steadfast decent woman in a lower class
London neighborhood. In her spare time she looks
after neighbors who have no one to take care of
them. Also she helps young girls who find themselves
in a family way.

MOVING AROUND BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Vilma Kartman	R-4	HH-273
Branch & Dickens Warfield	Q-2	V-3

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the Auditorium
By Margaret Proctor

May 7th
Kentucky Derby,
party at 5 pm, race at 6 pm

May 14th
"LAURA INGALLS WILDER"
She isn't just for children anymore
(in fact she never was)

ANN WELLER DAHL
At 7:00 pm

May 21st
Preakness,
party at 5 pm, race at 6 pm

May 28th
ANNE WATTS
Voice and Piano, cabaret style
A much anticipated return engagement
At 7:00 pm

FOOD TIPS and FACTS

from the Food Service Committee

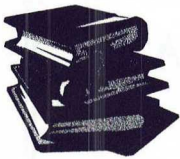
Here are some statistics from Dan Hall of our
kitchen staff:

We prepare about 600 meals every day; this
includes Hallowell diners, as well as the Main Dining
Room and Coffee Shop. Chicken salad is a popular
item; we make 80 pounds a week. And we use 240
pounds of bananas every week.

In the Coffee Shop, the cabinets at the begin-
ning of the buffet line contain some *special* ice cream
items for which you must pay extra; regular ice creams
on the upper shelves are part of your meal ticket. In
addition, daily lunchtime "specials" noted on the
menu incur extra charges; they are prepared for the
staff, but you are welcome to have them if you
wish to pay for them.

NEWLY ARRIVED RESIDENTS

Betsy & Harry Butcher N-12 410-771-6887
Bobbie Kottler B-14 410-527-1243
Francie Proutt B-5 410-771-1106
Elizabeth Schrauder R-17 410-785-1617
Barbara Younger SR-202 410-771-6420



BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP

By Nancy Starnes

**Monday, May, 2nd at 10:30 am
In the Auditorium**

"THE KITE RUNNER"

By Khaled Hosseini

*

The discussion will be led by
The Reverend Dr. George Gray Toole
Retired Pastor of the Towson Presbyterian Church

*

All Welcome

SPYGLASS LOW VISION SUPPORT GROUP

By Teresa Gramling

Presents

**Program from Maryland
School for the Blind**

*

**SPEAKER
TO BE ANNOUNCED**

*

Tuesday, May 10th

*

**11:00 am to noon
In the Auditorium**

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

Thursday, May 12th at 10:30 AM

REFLECTONS ON LIFE IN A DANGEROUS WORLD

**Max Kampelman, U.S. Diplomat,
former International negotiator**

*

Thursday, May 19th at 10:30 AM

"ETHICS and POLITICS OF STEM CELL RESEARCH"

**Dr. Ruth R. Faden,
Phillip Franklin Wagley Professor
of Biomedical Ethics;
Executive Director,
Phoebe R. Berman Bioethics Institute,
The Johns Hopkins University**

*

IN THE AUDITORIUM

MEDICAL TALK

By Ted Wilson

On Tuesday, May 17th at 10:30 am in the auditorium, Ted Wilson will give another medical talk. This one will be "The Organs of Special Sense". This amazing structure, the human body, wouldn't be very useful unless it had the means to react to the world around it through seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling and tasting.

There was a dachshund once so long
It hadn't any notion
How long it took to notify
His tail of his emotion.

And so it happened, while his eyes
Were full of woe and sadness,
His little tail went wagging on
Because of previous gladness.

Source unknown

HITHER, THITHER AND YAWN-

By Foxy Georgia---

So we all came away from "Ray" singing my song..It's wonderful to know you care! makes me feel real good! So you forgive me for some of my boo-boos..can I help it if I'm not perfect? on the other hand, if you see one, it shows you have sunk to a new level and have read this mess!! Shame on you!!

Moving on to a lot of other junk... .opening day! and we did it !! and it may never happen again!. .lotsa orange and black around... Brenda, and the dining room squad were right in there pitching... keep it up you Boids !! and speaking of boids, Bill Eddison fresh (always fresh) back from South Africa full of tales and what not..don't ask unless you really want to know..

Fashion notes..Jean Mercer outstanding in a purple top and SOX to match .. Wow! How does Liz Jackson do it? ..never a hair out of place, tres elegante always!!

By now, the wintry stuff is stashed away or else in the barn sale..and we note Ginny Cooley has a smashing white jacket. (.not barn sale.)...and soon if, not already Fran Peterson will be wearing matching shoes.....Doug Bareis's beard, more luxuriant than ever, and most becoming.. have always admired Branch Warfield's productions and speaking of productions, he held the table spell-bound with his review of "Edgar Allen Poe; the Musical" !! would you believe? Hit song, no doubt.. "The Tell Tale Heart"... starring Annabel Lee, that beauty with the Raven locks.

Unsung hero award.. Ted Wilson .single handedly and I mean with no help at all, from anyone else, restored the rose garden. He will receive the "Perky-Jaxon" award and is thereby entitled to wear a red rose behind his left ear at all times... . even while in the sack! Ouch!!!

Lynn Buck has done it again..her writers group had their annual "do", and as always, Eli Freedman turned out a stunner..giving the Joyce fans a treat and chuckle, and leaving a lot of the nerds dumbfounded. Bob Herrmann, who continues to astonish us all told an unbelievable story of his dancing class days, and how not to smoke a cig through a veil..why was she wearing a veil,? Bob.. did you take Mother Teresa to the dance?

Did I mention locks? I hear there is a group who go to Bagelmeisters on Tuesdays for bagels and lox and bingo. .. This is too good to be true,

but is it. ? does Betsy Griffith know the answer? Do tell..

Dotty Krug and her anxious to learn group charmed us by presenting the director of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Carla Hayden.. what a tremendous circulation they have..almost as large at the Broadmead library..Hey Agnes, what are our latest figures..I hear you cut a fine figure, so brag a little..

Listen up, you fellows.. the time has come to polish up our manners. .remember what your mom told you..politness counts..rumor hath it some hard words have been said to our servers not only in the MDR but also in the Coffee Shop..could this be? Oh, say it isn't so..and then if that isn't enough, careless driving. ..is a worry, not only on the road, which doubles as our walkway, but also amongst the friendly amigo gang.. heavens to Betsey, what next?.. More..oh yes, oh yes... check your closets and kitchen areas..finding cutlery other than your grandmothers Repousse? Look again... it could be Broadmead stuff, far from home..and towels and sheets, not with your monograms..oh dear, oh dear.. what more is there to say This will help with your spring cleaning and every one will love you guys, all the more..

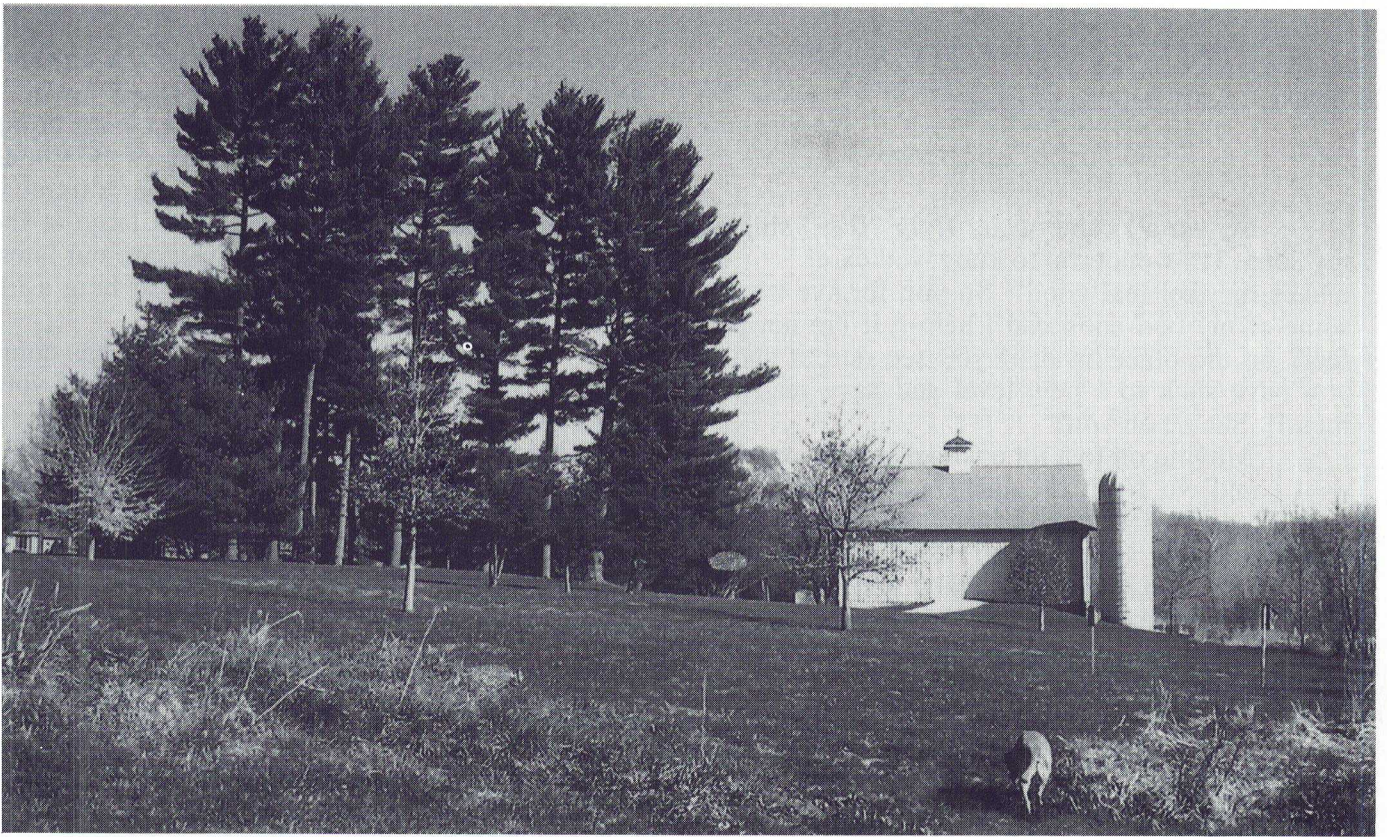
The East Hall featured a collection of contemporary African-American art, loaned for our"" enjoyment by the James Lewis Gallery from Morgan University.. what a generous and exciting thing for them to do..and no sooner was this dismantled, then we were treated to a retrospective by Bobbie Siebens a most impressive body of work, old girl.. thanks for sharing it with us..

Hey, theres a new dawg in town..a handsome big poodle..didn't catch the name, but you can spot him dragging Sybille Erlich around..he needs to meet Lee Ault's mastiff they could really have fun..or something..

T'other night, we sat thro "And the Commercial Ran Through It"..at least some of us did Leo Weiss's fingers were worn to the 2nd joint trying to clean it up... ok pals, how about renting film next time. ?

Just gotta thro in one final rave..Pat Underwood's play reading group they were beyond sensational..!!! Ellie Hobelman, Sally Bloomer. Ruth Williams and Marie Ewing, and the boss himself all deserve the Order of the Diamond Marigold. . . yea man !!!

No mo room... .see ya next time,. . had nuff?



WORLD, YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL TODAY.

Edna S.Vincent Millay

Photos by Bob Davies



Broadmead

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